THE

CRISIS.

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SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1775. [Price Two-pence Half-penny.

To the KING.

Each *British* Ghost by *Thee* depriv'd of Breath,
Now hovers round. and calls *Thee* to thy *Death.*
Pope's Homer.

REFORM thy Conduct, Monarch, or attend,
The Doom denounc'd, by Virtu's constant Friend,
Heav'ns awful God, his Mandate 'tis I bear,
And call on GEORGE's callous Soul to hear.

Reform thy Conduct, or expect that Heav'n,
By whom thy delegated Pow'r is giv'n,
Will rouse in Wrath, and hurl *thee* from the Throne,
Unworthy Prince, whom Britons blush to own.

See Civil Rage torment the bleeding Land,
Rais'd and supported by a Monarch's Hand;
Permit me Prince, t'unfold the dreadful Scene,
And Actions that disgrace the Name of Men,
See British Legions reeking from the Sword
Of worthless Britons, and their misled Lord,
The orphan'd Son, the helpless Mother see,
Plung'd in the depths of awful Misery;

Youth

Youth and hoar Age lie whelt'ring on the Plains,
And Deſolation and Deſtruction reigns:
Such Scenes as theſe muſt ſure your Soul appall,
Thou art th' Occaſion, *thou* the Cauſe of all;
Whate'er thy curſed Minions can deſign,
Thou giv'ſt Aſſent, and the *whole Guilt is* THINE;
See Britain waſted by her Father's Sword,
And France and ev'ry foreign Aid implor'd;
Suppoſe they ſhou'd be conqur'd, what remains,
What can be had from CAPTIVES and from CHAINS;
What large Revenues can your Coffers Boaſt,
From ruin'd CITIES, and a waſted Coaſt,
From Nations ſlaughter'd, and from Seas of Blood,
What Cain to make the *MIGHTY MISCHIEF GOOD.*

Remember Prince, on what precerious ties,
The uncertain Safety of a TYRANT lies;
What poor Defence will Guards, and Armies yield,
When long inſulted Subjects take the Field;
What Safety then can Paraſites beſtow,
Or how elude the long deſerved Blow;
When Juſtice riſes and demands the BLOOD
Of haughty TYRANTS, and their fawning Crowd;
Ah, bluſh, deluded Prince, with conſcious Shame,
That GEORGE ſhould merit that deteſted Name.

Search Britiſh Annals, and let them declare,
Thoſe Truths too harſh to wound the Royal Ear;
See brave *Fitzwalter* lead the Barons on,
And force the unwilling Deed from Coward (1) JOHN;
With Iron Sway the bluſt'ring Daſtard rules,
The conſtant Dupe of ſwarming Knaves and Fools.)
(2) "The weakeſt Athieſt Wretch all Heav'n defies,
"Who ſhrinks and ſhudders when the Thunder flies."
So ſhrunk the TYRANT, when *Fitzwalter* led,
His warlike Cohorts on to *Runny* (3) *Mead*
Then Ancient *Windſor*'s lofty Tow'rs beheld,
The blazing Standards waving o'er the Field,

(1) The deſpicable Character of this Monarch will ſufficientiy appear, if we conſider the mean and extraordinary Oath he took before all the People, kneel-down upon his Knees, and putting his Hands between thoſe of the Legate.

"I, JOHN, by the Grace of God, King of England, and Lord of Ireland, in Order to expiate my Sins, from my own free will, and the Advice of my Barons, give to the Church of Rome, to Pope Innocent, and his Succeſſors, the Kingdom of England, and all other Prerogatives of my Crown; I will hereafter hold them as the Pope's Vaſſal. I will be faithful to God, to the Church of Rome, and to the Pope my Maſter, and his Succeſſors legitimately Elected, I Promiſe to him a Tribute of a Thouſand Marks yearly, to wit, 700 for the Kingdom of England and 300 for Ireland.

(2) Two Lines from Pope's Homer's Illiad Book 20.

(3) Runny Mead, a Field between Stains and Windſor, where King John ſigned Magna Charta, the grand Baſis of Engliſh Liberty.

The

The ſhining Jav'lins glittering from afar,
The moony ſhields and all the pomp of war;
Sheath'd in bright Steel then Britains *SAVIOURS* ſtood,
Undaunted, firm, and reſolutely good;
Forth in the midſt the frowning *TYRANT* came,
And viewed with FEAR and RAGE each Godlike Name:
The Coward ſhrunk at Britains brave array,
And MAGNA CHARTA (1) crown'd the glorious Day.

Search further yet how Edward's (2) Minions fell,
That galling Truth, to BUTE and MANSFIELD tell.
May every Curſe, vindictive Heaven can pour,
Deſcend on them, in one deſtructive Shower,
Periſh their Names, O! let the *TRAITORS* Bleed;
Juſtice demands, the Realm approves the Deed.

Proceed and be by faithful Hiſt'ry taught,
How *Eſſex* labour'd, and great *Cromwell* fought;
When haughty CHARLES diſgrac'd the Britiſh Throne
And trod our Freedom and Religion down.

That dreadful CRISIS big with loud alarms,
Call'd every Briton to aſſert in ARMS
The dear bought Rights, the violated Cauſe,
Of their dear Country and its SACRED LAWS;
They came obedient to the glorious call,
One generous Spirit animated all:
Such generous Souls may Brittain yet afford.
And own again a CROMWELL's *ſaving Sword*;
An *Hampden* (3) yet, an *Eſſex* (4) yet may riſe,
And *TYRANTS* yet may fall a Sacrifice.

(1) This Charter gave the Barons, a definitive Judgment upon whatever they thought proper to repreſent as a Grievance; they were to preſer their Complaints to the King, and he was in Forty Days to give them Satisfaction, or they were legally impowered to Command it,; by every Method the Circumſtances of Time or Place could ſuggeſt.

(2) Theſe were Gaveſton and the Two Spencers, Gaveſton's Pride, (ſays an impartial Author) his being a foreigner, his Inſolence, ſoon raiſed a Strong Party againſt him. An Army was formed to oppoſe his Adminiſtration (a Noble Precident) he was taken and beheaded, without even the Formality of a Trial. Quere is not the conduct of the preſent King Obſtinate and Irreſolute as John's and that of his abandoned Miniſtry Effeminate, Debauched and Wicked, as Gaveſtons. This Truth let Sandwich, Denbigh, Dartmouth, North declare.

(3) John Hampden a private Man of Courage, and Integrity, who ſtood forth as a Champion for the People, and refuſed to pay a Tax not authoriſed by Parliament (the famous Ship Money Tax) the Sum at which he was rated, amounted but to Twenty Shillings, yet he refuſed to contribute even this, and brought his Cauſe before the Court of Exchequer. Never was a greater Cauſe argued in any Court before. The Judges were by this Sentsnce to determine, whether the Nation, and their Poſterity, were to be Subjects to Arbitrary Power, or to enjoy Freedom. The Judges determined in Favour of Servitude, and Hampden was Caſt. Hiſt. of Eng. in Letters. Letter 40.

(4) The Earl of Eſſex Chief Commander of the Parliamentry Forces againſt the King, an honeſt Man, (ſays an Noble Author of the Engliſh Hiſtory in ſeries of Letters) who fought from Principle only.

Illuſtrious

Illuſtrious Shades the faithful Muſe ſhall Crown,
Your glorious Names, with Honour and Renown,
Long as this World with all its Splendor ſtands,
Stupendous Frame, rais'd by Immortal Hands,
Long as the Annals of Eternal Fame,
Record each Hero's and each Patriot's Name,
Long as a Briton lives t' aſſert the Cauſe,
Of Heaven, of Freedom, and the Britiſh Laws;
So long ſhall *Cromwell*'s, *Hampden*'s, Name remain,
And Times eraſing Vengeance prove in vain.

Inſpire your Children, O ye Patriot Band,
To ruſh on Death, and ſave a ſinking Land;
You who could haughty Tyranny repell,
Protect the Cauſe, in which you nobly fell,
That glorious Cauſe, which Heaven eternal owns,
And fires to Vengeance your too tardy Sons:
They riſe at length, t'aſſert the Freedom given,
T' aſſert the Cauſe of Liberty and Heaven;
Tremble thou *TYRANT* at the awful Day,
When injur'd Britons give their Vengeance way;
Tremble ye Minions who your Prince miſled,
Uncommon Wrath remains for you to dread,
The Traytors who your Sovereign's Heart have ſteel'd,
And cur'ſt him with a Soul that cannot yield,
Eternal Vengeance muſt your Crimes purſue,
Juſtice demadns you, as the Public due.
Unfeeling Man, if e'er thy Soul can know,
Steel'd as it is, the touch of Human Woe;
If generous Pity can a thought impart,
To ſhake the horrid Purpoſe of your Heart,
If Pity harbours in that Iron Breaſt,
Call back your CUTTHROATS, give your People reſt;
Withdraw your Fleets, ſend no more Armies o'er,
But bid the Martial Thunders ceaſe to roar,
Do this, and Britain may again forgive,
Again conſent to let a TYRANT live.

But dare not triffle with a Moment given,
Preſumptous Prince, nor ſport with awful Heaven,
Think not that Britons paſſive will remain,
Hug the vile Yoke, and Smile upon the Chain;
They have not learnt the Faith which Cowards own,
(6) "Th'enormous Faith of many made for one,"
Far nobler precepts Fire the Britiſh Breaſt,
Then yielding FREEDOM for INGLORIOUS REST;
Far nobler ends their Free Born Spirits own,
Then baſely crouching to a TYRANTS Throne;

(1 See Pope's Eſſay on Man, Epiſtle.

Such

Such baſe Conceſſions ſtain'd not BRITAINS FAME,
When (1) *Charle's*, DEATH IMMORTALIS'D their Name;
Or Guilty *James* (2) his injur'd Subjects fled,
Lay hid in France and trembled for his Head;
Remember this, O Monarch, nor preſume,
On tir'd out Faith and Lenity to come.

The Sword is drawn and helliſh Diſcord roars,
Let looſe by MANSFIELD on *North Am'rick*'s, Shores;
The trait'rous Thane t' enſlave a Nation joins,
And bluſt'ring North avows their cur'ſt deſigns;
(3) *George* too conſents and Signs the horrid Deed,
By which unnumber'd INNOCENTS muſt BLEED.
With tenfold Rage, inſpire, O Muſe, the Strain,
To Paint the Horrors of this Guilty Reign;
Young ALLEN dies in his paternal Field,
And murder'd Laws, audacious Murderers ſhield,
The Sovereign too t' enlarge the mighty Guilt,
Thanks his dear Scotſmen for the Blood they've ſpilt,
Petitions ſpurn'd at, with a ſulky Frown,
The Monarch drives his Subjects from the Throne,
(4) *Aſtoniſh'd* that thoſe Subjects dare to ſue,
For Fellow Subjects, Rebels in his view,
Tells them his firm, his ſteady Soul retains
Its iron Purpoſe, and his Heart remains
Inflexible, determin'd to enſlave,
And Murder Thouſands he had Sworn to ſave.
Remember Prince the Throne to GEORGE was given,
T' Aſſert the Cauſe of LIBERTY and HEAVEN,
But when he ceaſes FREEDOM to maintain,
And dares attempt, unaw'd by LAWS to Reign,
When Heavens great Cauſe is ſpurn'd at and forgot,
And horrid Popiſh Superſtition taught, (5)
The Cauſe that gave the Scepter them demands,
The ſame again from his unworthy Hands.
Reſign, Proud Man, with Shame reſign the Throne,
And let Contrition for your Faults attone,

(1) This, ſays the great Milton, was the moſt glorious Deed ever done in this or any other Nation under Heaven, whereby an odious and obnoxius Tyrant was made a Public Sacrifice to the injured Juſtice of his Country.

(2) James the Second who meanly abdicated his Crown, and fled to France, on the approach of our great Deliverer the Prince of Orange.

(3) Alluding to the ſeveral oppreſſive and unconſtitutional Acts lately paſt, to the Diſgrace of a Britiſh Parliament, againſt the injur'd Inhabitants of North America, but particularly that called the New England Fiſhery Bill, which occaſioned the ſpirited Remonſtrance of the uncorrupted Livery of London, with their noble Chief Magiſtrate. April the 10th 1775.

(4) See the laſt Royal Anſwer to the City Petition.

(5) As they evidently are in Canada, commonly called the Quebec Bill, paſſed in 1774, againſt which the unſhaken Livery of London, alſo Remonſtrate, under the Conduct of their late worthy Mayor, Mr. Bull.

Or

Or once again the call of Heaven attend,
And be your Peoples, not your Minions Friend,
Do this and Britain may again forgive,
And let a Tyrant thus repenting Live.
Your hopes of Conqueſt on *North Am'ricks* Coaſt,
Are blaſted, and your Expectations loſt,
Your Armys routed, and your Generals driven
Back to their Fleets, the Sport of angry Heaven;
(1) When they embark'd, what ſtorm's convuls'd the Pole,
What Light'nings flaſh'd, what awful Thunders roll;
'Tis GOD againſt you in his Wrath declares,
Their are his Omens, and his Thunder theirs,
Say can your Madneſs ſtand the dire Alarms,
Say can you meet *OMNIPOTENCE* in Arms.

But hark they call you from the Realms of dead,
The dauntleſs Souls that for their Country BLED,
At *Concord* (2) SLAUGHTER'D, lay the glorious Train,
That met the Britiſh TYRANT with diſdain,
The call for Vengeance from the Shades below,
And Point at you the Author of their Woe.

My Soul's on fire, diſtinctions are forgot,
I'll ſpeak to Tyrants, as a Briton ought;
By THEE our plains lie ſteep'd in HUMAN BLOOD,
By THEE our rivers pour a PURPLE flood,
By THEE the Britiſh glories are no more,
And vaſt deſtruction whelms th' *Atlantic* ſhore;
By THEE our cities dread the dire alarms,
And horrid ſlaughters of fraternal arms;
Thy trait'rous miniſters the deed deſign,
THOU giv'ſt aſſent, and the whole GUILT is THINE:
Wave after wave, the mighty miſchiefs flow,
Thick and more thick, the threat'ning dangers grow;
Impartial ages yet to come will read,
With ſecret horror each *infernal* deed;
Rend THEE, like *Stuart*, from the rolls of fame,
And unborn millions curſe a G——'s name.

(1) On the Night the three Generals Burgoyne, Clinton, and *How*, embarked for America, one of the moſt dreadful Storms of Tunder and Lightning, took place, that has ſhaken the *Britiſh Channel* in the Memory of Man.

(2) See the dreadful Engagement at that Place, on the 19th of April.

CATO.

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